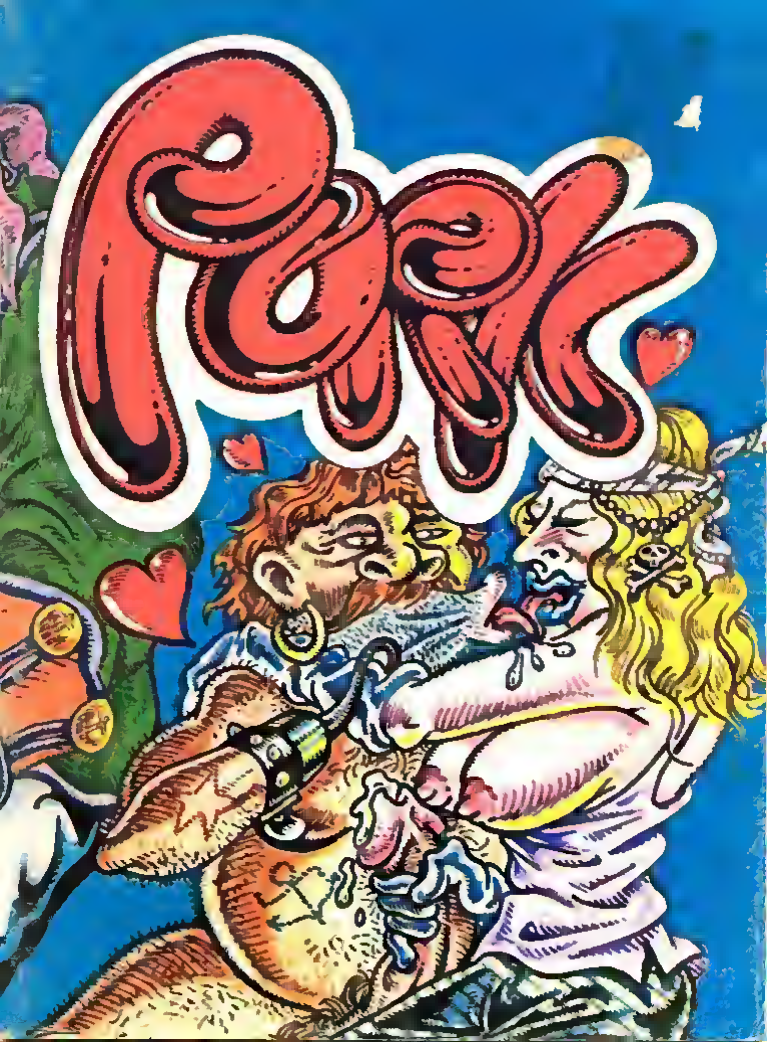
Fuck

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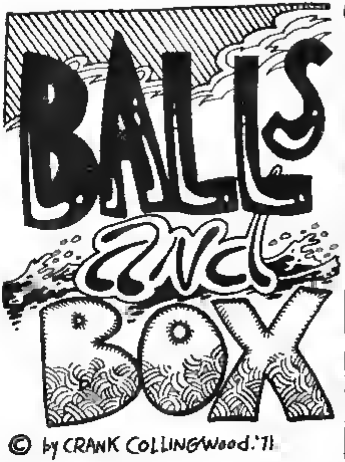
BALLS and BOX

© by CRANK COLLINGWood.'71


CAPTAIN BITTERDORK WAS SOAKIN' HIS DORK ONE QUIET DAY AT SEA..
NEED A BIGGER MUG, OR SUMPIN'
SSSS
HE MUSED UPON THE HEAD OF IT..
THEN YELLED FOR THE FIRST MATE..
DETESTABLE BUMPS FESTERIN' SORES, GAD..
BART!
FUCK

BART WAS LOADED AND FLIRTING WITH WHO WAS A MITE SALTY...
A CAPTURED PIRATE WENCH...
CUTE LIL' PAP.
STICK IT
CLUD
YA SLUG
THE TARTS KICK DISLODGED BARTS GLASS EYE WHICH FELL TO THE DECK
HA HA SHIT
CLAK
MY EYE!
I'LL KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR IT..

A MOMENT LATER, AT THE SAWBONE'S CABIN.

SAWBONES!! THAT CABIN BOY'S GOBBLIN' YOUR ROD
YOU GUESSED IT...
GUNK
THE CAPTAIN— UHHH MMMM LOOKS LIKE YOURE BUSY
WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND PULL YOUR PUD OR SUMPIN' 'TILL I DROP MY LOAD.
GULUMPF CHOMP
I'LL JUST WORK MYSELF UP ON THIS PIN-UP 'TILL HE'S DONE...
OOO
BLUE TART
SOME TIME LATER
AWRAT BART IM DONE...
HEY BART! BART!

SUDDENLY THE CABIN BOY BOLTED ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A HARD-ON.

AND LEAPED UPON BART, PLUGGIN' HIS PUD INTO THAT EMPTY EYE-HOLE...
GGNNGK
PORK
WHAT DA SHIT!
THE SAW BONES TOOK THIS AS AN ACT OF MUTINY AND.....
JESUS SHIT...
FUCKIN' UPPITY CABIN BOY...
SNAK
BALOOM

THEM CABIN BOYS GIT FUNNY AFTER A SPELL... I'M ALWAYS NEEDIN' NEW ONES
OLD WARS.
POOT
HMMMM, WELL GIT YA A NEW GLASS EYE, BART ME BOY. LESS SEE, EELS, ENEMAS, EYES...
HERE'S A NICE ONE, DOESN'T QUITE MATCH YUR UDDER ONE, BUT NOBODY CAN TELL, IN A GOOD FIGHT..
WASH OUT THET COME
THERE'S THE DOOR AGAIN..
NOW WHAT IS IT?
CRASH

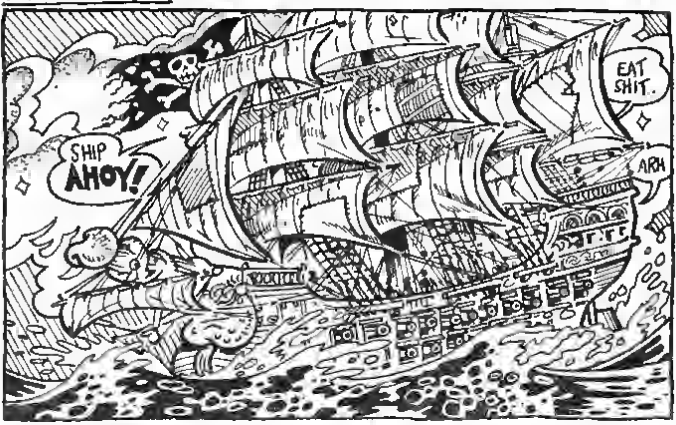
MY THUNDER.. TARTS
THATS RIGHT SAWBONES WE'VE TAKEN OVER THE SHIP.. NO MORE CHAINS..
SHIT
TAKE DOWN YOUR PANTS
AND WHIP OUT YOUR WHANGS
NOW

TAKE OUT OUR WHANGS? UHHHHHH SURE, I CAN USE SOME ASS...
ASS, S'MASS, I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GAWNA BALL US, ME LAD!
YOU HEARD ME TWERP, DROP THEM TROUSERS
AWRAT AWRAT GIT THET DIRK OUTTA ME EYE
SPUIT
CUTE, CUTE, AWRIGHT GRAN'POPS, THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, DROP 'EM
I DONT LIKE THIS ONE LITTLE BIT
OR I'LL DROP YOU
ONE EYE'S GOT A NICE HUNK A' LOVE MUSCLE
OH YEAH, WELL CHECK OUT THAT OL' COOT'S CRANK

YOU'RE HUNG POPS
NOW WHAT
DO YOU BOOGER A LOTTA CABIN BOYS WITH THIS OL' THING POPS?
ERR.. SOMETIMES
SMIRTCH
ALRIGHT ONE EYE GET A STIFFY, RAT NOW, OR OFF IT COMES
OFF OFF OFF
STIFFY? WELL DROP THAT BIG OL' CUTLASS AND MAYBE I WILL... CAN'T UNDER PRESSURE YA' KNOW

YOURE NOT GOOD FOR TOO MUCH ARE YA? TELL YA WHUT YOURE PORK IS SAVED IF YA SUCK THE SAWBONES' ERECT.
YEECCRAHH PUT THAT RUD IN MY MOUT' GURRKKKKK IT AINT BEEN WASHED FUR A BIT..
BITE!
HA!
AND ANUTTER THING IS THET OL' DOC PACKS THEM BROWNIES AND I AINT EATIN' NO SHIT THASS NO SHIT EITHER AND
BOP
UNG
SUCK AWN THET DEVIL YA FLOTSAM GOBBLIN' BILGE-RAT!!
OL' DOC SHORE DUZ 'PREESHEATE THIS BWAH.

WHILE ALL THIS BELOW-DECK BUFFOONERY ENSUED A PIRATE VESSEL, THE IMPENDING PROD APPEARED.. LOOKING FOR PREY.. POON.. LOOT .....

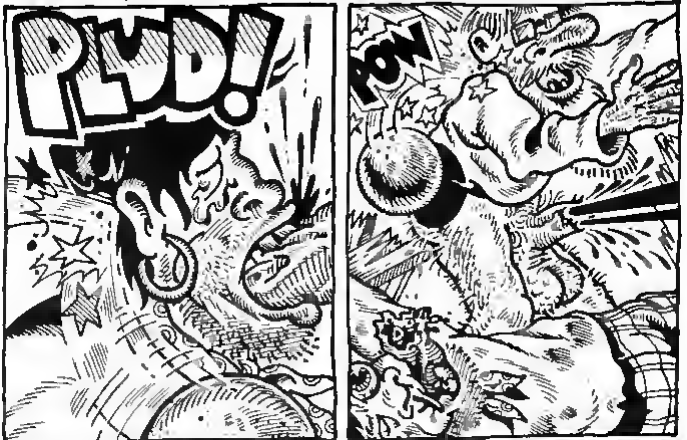


ABOARD THE PROD

YARRGGH THASS BITTERDORKS SHIP THE MANGLED MUSE SHE CARRIES SLAVEGARLS UND BULUON.
GUNNER! PREPARE TO FIRE!
AYE AYE CAPTAIN
TICKLE

A FEW MINUTES AND MUTTERINGS LATER
FIRE!
POK
AYE AYE CAPTAIN
AYE AYE CAPPAN
ARRRGGHAYE
EYE AYE
ARRGGH EYE
SHIT CAP'
FSSSSSS
BOM
PLUM
BUM
BONG
BLA-DOM
FOOM
POP
BA-RUM-DUM
FOM
CROOM
FLA-DOM
BAUM
BOP

ONE OF THE PROD'S CANNON BALLS BASH BART AS HE SUCKS THE SAWBONES'...

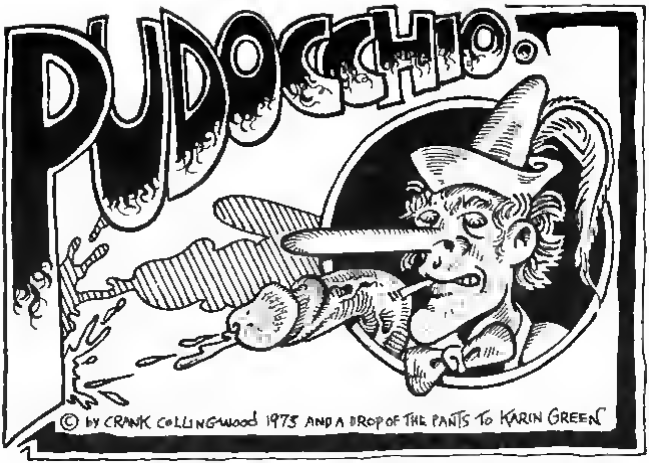


THE ESCAPED SLAVE GIRLS KNEW THEY WERE NEXT.

WE GOTS US WATER, BUT NO FOOD!!
WHOOM
CAP' THE SHIP JEST BLEW UP..
LOTS OF OOD DEBRIS SAILIN' THROUGH THE AIR AT US, CAPTAIN.. HUH.. WHASS THIS COMIN' AR' WAY??
PLIP!
WHU' IN THUNDER?!!?
HEY CAPTAIN SIR. LOOKIT WHUT WE GOT HAR.
PLAP
BLUP FWP SPLAT
NO MORE FOOD PROBLEM- SOME
FINE SLAVE GIRL GINCH!
THAT'S IT.

DOCTORS FROM THE INFAMOUS FELCH-PORKFIELD CLINIC CAVORT WITH NYMPHOMANIAC AMAZONS.
© CRANK COLLINGWOOD '91
I JUST LOVE TO CHOMP DOWN ON A DEEELECTABLE DOCTORS DONG..
HA! A BOY TRYIN' TO DO A MANS JOB
GIGGLE...
CAN I BANG 'ER NEXT FELIX? I WANNA STICK SOME NEW PROBES UP 'ER ASS AS-WELL.. O K?
NFF!
BRRM
I HOPE SHE KICKS OUT ALL MY TEETH WITH THESE RAZOR POINTED TOES OHHH I HOPE..

SABRINA FROLICS WITH A TRIO OF SATANS SCAMPS
PISS ON THE NIPS OF MY UPSWEPT TITS YOU TWISTED TEASING THREESOME
SOMF! SABRINA YA BLUBBER-BUTTED BITCH.
MFFF



PUDOCCHIO WAS A ROVING ROGUE IN A SMALL HAMLET AND WOULD SLIP THE MEAT INTO ANYTHING THAT COULD WALK, CRAWL OR SCOOT. HE WAS CONSTANTLY HORNY...

HE HAD GOBS OF GALS AND WOULD GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE HOSIN' 'EM..
EEEYOW!!
FELICA, YOU GOT THE NICEST HIVE
MMMMNN NNN NNN NNN NNN FUCK ME FUCK ME PUGME FUG FUCK FUCK ME
IT'S ALL STICKY...
OOOO
FAT ONES...
MMMMMMM I WONDER WHAT I'LL EAT FOR SUPPER?
SKINNY ONES...
NNK
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH EE EE AH AH AH AH UNH UNH OH OH OH EE FUCK OH SHIT SHIT

THEY ALL LOVED PUDOCCHIO.. HE KNEW THIS AND HE LIED TO THEM ALL...
YOU'RE MY ONE, MY ONLY, MY LOVE, MY LULU
YOU'RE MY ONLY BANANA BOY PUDO
ALL OTHER WOMEN COMPARED TO YOU IS LIKE THE SECOND PRESSING OF THE GRAPE ANNETTE MY PET
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU PUDDIE.
BUT ONE MORNING...
GOOD DAY MARLENE I GOTTA GO HOME AND MILK THE GOATS
GOTTA GO SCREW THE SKIT OUTTA SALLY YA DIM BITCH
DON'T GO YET PUD HONEY
WHU?
THAT MUSTA BEEN A HELLUVA KISS AN IMMEDIATE HARD-ON AND IT'S STILL GROWIN'
JESUS H. FUCKING KEERIST WHAT SHAKES?
SPROINK

PUDOCCHIO'S PROD GREW UNTILL CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW...
CRASH
VOT IS DASS?!!? UNT SERPENT! YEEECCH PATOOIE!
EEEEE!
I CANT SAY I EVER SAW ONE QUITE LIKE IT IN ALL MY STUDIES IN HERPETOLOGY.
PUD. WHATS THE LOW-DOWN ON THAT CONSTANTLY CREEPING CRANK OF YOURS?
FRANKLY, I HAVENT THE FOGGIEST, AND IM A BIT BOTHERED...
SUDDENLY, PUD'S PUD SHRANK BACK TO ITS NORMAL SIZE...
WHATDA FUCK?
EEEEEYYEEWW
ZOOP

LIES PRODUCED HIS GARGANTUAN CRANK, BUT WHEN HE TOLD THE TRUTH, BACK IT SHRANK.

BAP
RAP
BLUNK
HOPE NONE OF HER OTHER BOY FRIENDS ARE HERE..I'D HATE TO BUST MY NEW WALKING-STICK ACROSS SOME LOUTS' UGLY FROTHING CHOPS...

SEGUNDS LATER PUDOCCHIO AND SALLY WERE DIPPIN' IT IN THE OL' SACK.

RUD'S FIB CAUSED HIS COCK TO BORE CLEAR THRU SALLY, COLLIN' OUT 'ER YAP..
WHAT THE..??
GGMMF
PLOP
YAAEEGGH SUFFERIN' CATFISH HERE IT COMES AT ME PUMPIN' HOT COME BUT I COULD CARE LESS I..

PUDOCCHIO'S PORK PLUGGED 'IM UP. HE COULDNT TELL THE TRUTH TO GET IT TO STOP.
MMMMMMK
NNNNKK
SO IT REAMED CLEAR THROUGH, JOINING HIM AND SALLY TOGETHER FOREVER...
MMOKK
POP
AAHKHHH
FINALLY... I CAN SURE USE A COLD BEER!
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN?
THE END!

BETTER KEEP IT STIFF CHIEF..
NUDGE
I LOVE IT I DONT KNOW WHY BUT I DO
SSSSSSSSS
FWEESH
IF HE PULLS IT OUT OR STOPS PUMPIN BLAST 'IM BERNIE... MMNNGGG UH UH UH UH
DRINK IT BITCH..

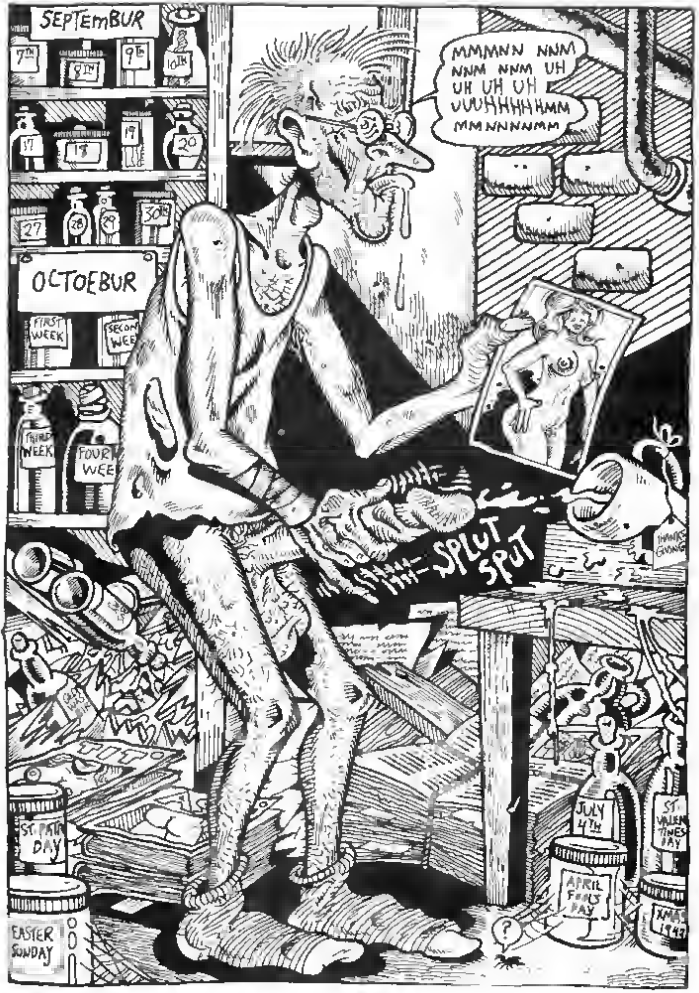
FFRUMP!
PUHHLEEZE MA' DEAH TRY AND IGNORE THE REPELLENT LOATHSOME GAS-FILLED DUKE OF FELCHWICH...
YES MAMA OF COARSE MAMA...
MORE CHAMPAGNE, AMBROSE
FAFF
SMOKE YESSIR (GAG)

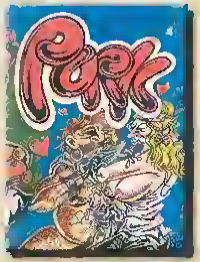
Z'
HOW YA LIKE THIS ONE CAPTAIN SIR?
TURN THE PAGE.. MMMNNGGHHN
HEAD
SSHLUP
SHLOPP
OLD FIELDS

THE CUCKOLD ON THE VERGE OF GETTING REVENGE...
SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK

THIS ONE'S HOWARD'S..
THAT'S RIGHT DONG
AND MRS. PORKMEESTER WINS THAT VEG-A-MATIC AND AN ALL EXPENSES PAID VACATION FOR TWO TO SCENIC CYPRUS!
...HOW ABOUT THAT FOLKS...
2
3
CLAP CLAP CLAP
CLAP
CLAP YEA
SPAP

THESE ARE REALLY GOOD GODDAMN CIGARS, BERNIE...
YEAH, THANKS WALT..
I HAVE AN INCREDIBLE HUMIDOR ROOM. CHANGING GIRLS FROM TIME TO TIME FOR FLAVOR VARIETY TO PRODUCE THESE WONDERFUL AROMATIC QUIM-CURED CROOKS!
COFF
...FOR "STUFF" TEPPER. 1974.


SEPTEMBUR
OCTOEBUR
FIRST WEEK
MMMNN NNM
NNM NNM UH
UH UH UH
UUUHHHHHMM
MMNNNNMM
SPLUT
SPUT
ST. PATR DAY
EASTER SUNDAY
JULY 4TH
APRIL FOOLS DAY
ST. VALENTINES DAY
XMAS 1947



Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Pork

Published May 1974
1st edition
Co-Op Press
75¢
36 pages
Printrun of ? copies
5" x 7"
ISBN:

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31 - Turn The Page
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Comments:

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